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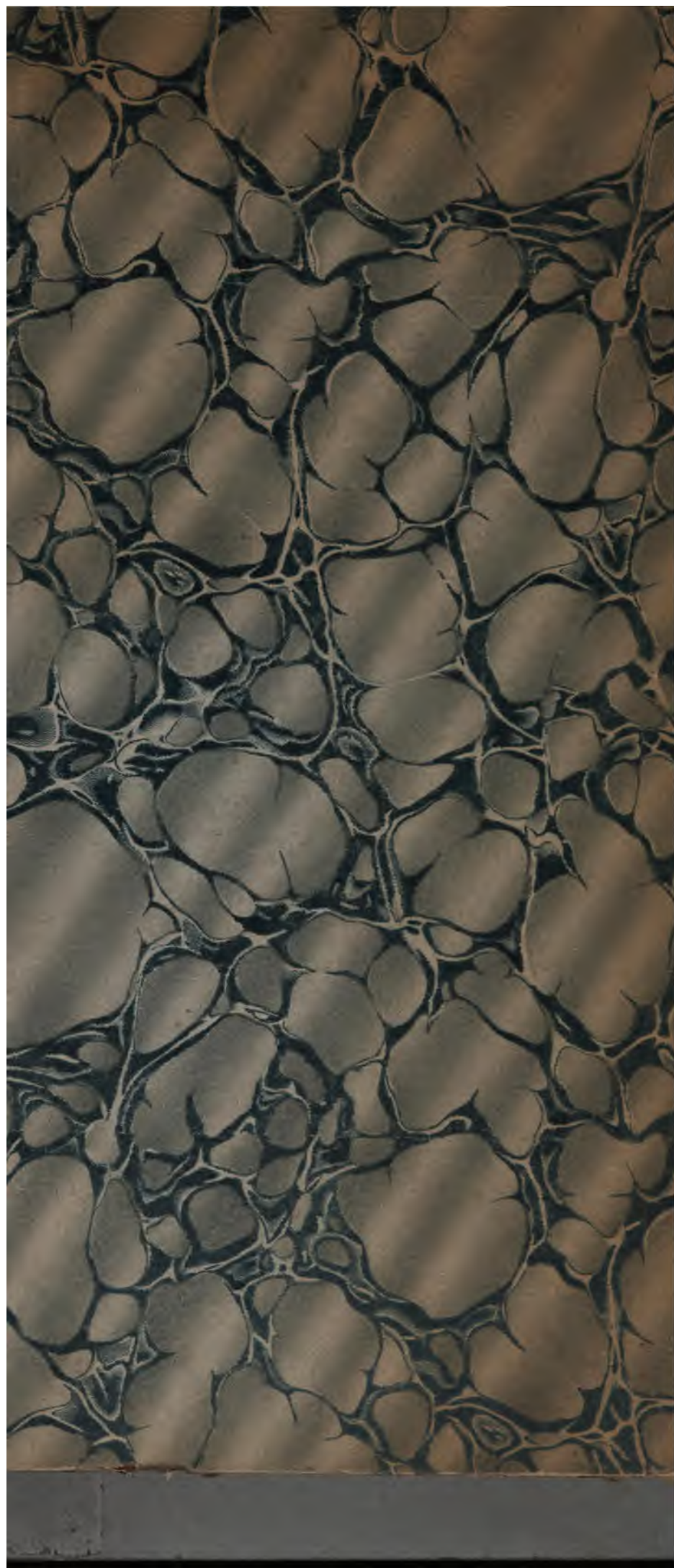
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645



SERVICES

OF THE

THE HARRIS CHIME,

THE HARRIS CHIME,

OF THE

Church of the First Parish,

CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 15, 1887

PRINTED BY

JOHN W. WILSON, AT THE UNION PRESS,  
125 N. BROAD ST.







SERVICES

AT THE

DEDICATION

OF

THE HARRIS CHIME,

IN THE

Church of the First Parish,

CHARLESTOWN, MASS.

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WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 15, 1868.

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CHARLESTOWN :  
PRINTED BY W. W. WHEILDON, AT THE AURORA OFFICE.  
1868.

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*W. H. ...*  
*Director*

**Two Hundred and Fifty Copies Printed.**

ORDER OF SERVICES  
AT THE  
DEDICATION  
OF  
**THE HARRIS CHIME.**

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1. Bells Chimed by Mr. Jewell, of Boston.
2. Organ Voluntary, by W. H. GOODWIN.
3. Reading of the Scriptures, by Rev. J. Hurlbut, of New London.
4. Singing, "Gloria in Excelsis," from the "Twelfth Mass," Mozart.
5. Prayer, by Rev. Ezra Gannett, D. D., of Boston.
6. Singing, "Gloria Patria," Bellini.
7. Report, by A. S. Morss, Chairman Committee on Bells.
8. Singing, "Te Deum Laudamus," music by Goodwin.
9. Address, by Rev. James B. Miles.
10. Bells Chimed by Henry Munroe, of Cambridgeport.
11. Singing, Original Hymn, words by Miss M. D. Balfour, music by W. H. Goodwin.
12. Benediction, by Rev. Charles Cleaveland, of Boston.

Chiming of Bells during one hour.



## DEDICATION.

### DEDICATION OF THE HARRIS CHIME OF BELLS.

The services of dedication took place in Rev Mr Miles's Church, on Wednesday evening, commencing at half-past 7 o'clock. The Church was crowded with members of the society, strangers and citizens, who entered the Church between six and seven o'clock, while the bells were filling the air with their music. Select portions of scripture were read by Rev JOSEPH HURLBUT of New London, and the Report of the Committee for the purchase of the bells by A. S. MORSS, Esq., Chairman of the Committee. Appropriate music was performed by the choir.

The prayer of dedication was offered by Rev Dr EZRA S. GANNETT of Boston, and was followed by an address by the pastor, Rev J. B. MILES.

In the afternoon, between 3 and 5 o'clock, previous to the services in the Church, Rev Mr Miles held a reception at his house on Winthrop square, at which Miss Charlotte Harris was present, and where she was called upon by many members of the society of the First Parish and many of our prominent citizens. Among those present were many of the relatives of both the family names of Devens and Harris, and among others Gen. Devens was expected, but was unable to be here on account of holding Court at Springfield. Among others were the venerable Rev Charles Cleaveland of Boston; Rev Joseph Hurlbut of New London; Mayor Hull, Judge Warren, Ex-Mayor Frothingham, James Hunnewell, Esq., and other citizens, who paid their respects to Miss Harris. From hence, after partaking of an elegant enter-

tainment, the company proceeded to the Church, where the exercises took place.

The following is the report of the committee, read by Mr Morss :

CHARLESTOWN, April 15, 1868.

The Special Committee to whom has been intrusted the purchase, and introduction into the tower of this Church, of the "Harris Chime" of bells, respectfully submit their report, prefacing the same by the following brief narrative :

Early in November, 1867, Hon. William Minot, Attorney of Miss Charlotte Harris, of Boston, requested, through a member of this Committee, an expression on the part of this Church and Parish, of their feelings in regard to a proposed donation to be made by Miss Harris, of a full Chime of bells, to be placed at her expense in the tower of this Church.

The pleasing intelligence having been communicated to a meeting of the Joint Committees of Church and Parish, resolutions were unanimously adopted, expressing the gratification with which so munificent a present would be received by our people, and a copy of the same transmitted to Hon. Wm. Minot, for the perusal of Miss Harris.

On the 21st of November, the following communication was received, by the hands of Judge Minot.

BOSTON, Nov. 20, 1867.

To the Church and Society of the First Parish, on Harvard street, Charlestown :

My ancestors Harris and Devens were for a great number of years inhabitants of Charlestown, and worshipped in the Church of the First Parish, in Harvard street, on which account, as well as for my respect for its Pastor, Rev. J. B. Miles, I am inclined to show my interest in the prosperity of the Society, by presenting to it the sum of eight thousand dollars, for the purchasing of a chime of bells to be placed in their Meeting-House. I will therefore present that sum on or before the 5th of January next, to such person as the society shall appoint to receive the same.

(Signed)

CHARLOTTE HARRIS.

On reception of this communication, a Joint Committee of the Church and Parish was appointed to take immediate steps to carry the generous design of Miss Harris into effect, and, at a meeting of this Committee, the undersigned were appointed a special committee to prosecute to an early completion the enterprise; and having attended to their duty, would now

## REPORT.

In pursuance of their commission, your Committee invited proposals from two of the leading bell founders of this country, viz: Henry N. Hooper & Co., of Boston, and Meneely, Sons & Co., of Troy, N. Y. Their respective offers having been examined, and that of Henry N. Hooper & Co. having been found to be more favorable, they were employed to furnish the Chime. The first of the bells composing the Chime was cast Jan. 11, 1868, in presence of a large number of this Society, and other friends of the enterprise in Boston and Charlestown, among whom all were pleased to observe as regarding the operations with especial watchfulness and zest, the donor of the bells, accompanied by members of her family and friends. Complete success attended the beginning of the work, and from the well constructed mould, soon issued the noble tenor bell marked D in the musical scale. This bell, so resonant and correct in tone, afforded a gratifying harbinger of the entire success of the undertaking. It is hung in the centre of the belfry, and prepared for round ringing as well as for chiming. Its weight is 3267 pounds, is 55 inches in diameter. The several bells bear the following inscriptions:

A. D. 1867.

No. 1, D.

## HARRIS CHIME.

This Chime of Sixteen Bells was a gift from Miss Charlotte Harris to the First Parish Church, Charlestown, Mass., of which her ancestors Harris and Devens were members.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

A. D. 1867.

No. 2, E.

## HARRIS CHIME.

"Remember thy congregation which thou hast purchased of old; this Mount Zion wherein thou hast dwelt."

A. D. 1867.

No. 3, F sharp.

## HARRIS CHIME.

"Make a joyful noise unto the Lord; enter into his gates with thanksgiving and into his courts with praise."

A. D. 1867.

No. 4, G.

## HARRIS CHIME.

"Exalt the Lord our God, and worship at His holy hill, for the Lord our God is holy."

A. D. 1867.

No. 5, G sharp.

## HARRIS CHIME.

"Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem! Praise thy God, O Zion! Praise God in His sanctuary."

A. D. 1867.

No. 6, A.

## HARRIS CHIME.

"O, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; strength and beauty are in His sanctuary."

A. D. 1867.

No. 7, A sharp.

## HARRIS CHIME.

"Behold! I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people."

A. D. 1867.

No. 8, B.

## HARRIS CHIME.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."

A. D. 1867.

No. 9, C.

## HARRIS CHIME.

"Being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

A. D. 1867.

No. 10, C sharp.

## HARRIS CHIME.

"Behold! what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."

A. D. 1867.

No. 11, D.

## HARRIS CHIME.

"Holy Father, keep through thine own name, those whom thou hast given me."

A. D. 1867.

No. 12, D sharp.

HARRIS CHIME.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of God."

A. D. 1867.

No. 13, E.

HARRIS CHIME.

"Beloved, let us love one another, for love is God."

A. D. 1867.

No. 14, F sharp.

HARRIS CHIME.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life."

A. D. 1867.

No. 15, G.

HARRIS CHIME.

"There shall be no night there; in Thy presence is fullness of joy."

A. D. 1867.

No. 16, A.

HARRIS CHIME.

"Salvation and glory, and honor and power, unto the Lord our God."

The respective weight and size of each bell is as follows:

Number.	Pounds.	Inches in diameter.
1	3267	55
2	2252	49 1-4
3	1662	44 1-8
4	1356	41 1-4
5	1109	38 1-2
6	987	36 5-8
7	814	34 5-16
8	713	32 7-8
9	604	31 1-16
10	507	29 1-8
11	415	27 1-2
12	361	25 15-16
13	290	24 1-4
14	218	22 1-16
15	180	20 11-16
16	129	18 3-8

Twenty-five bells have been cast in all, to secure the sixteen required for the series, nine having been rejected as not capable of

affording the required tone. Eight of the sixteen accepted bells have been brought to the required pitch by the laborious process of chipping or filing, without injury, however, to their symmetry or strength. Within sixty days from the casting of the first bell, the last one was taken from the mould, and on the 17th of March, the work of placing them into the tower commenced. Workmen had been engaged for several weeks previously in repairing the spacious belfry, 20 feet square by 20 feet in height, and supported on 12 and 18 inch timber, entering the wall, and seeming to have been constructed originally with a view of entertaining this great musical family, and in erecting upon this strong foundation, a truss frame, six feet in height of 8 by 12 inch timber, the ends of which, entering the wall and bolted strongly together, affording a second foundation for the heavy hard wood frame, from which the entire Chime, weighing 14,864 pounds, is suspended.

No accident marred the work from the commencement, and on the 28th of March all the bells were in place, the chiming apparatus complete and ready for trial. The trial of the Chime on the 28th of March was so far satisfactory that with the slight inaccuracy of a single bell, all were pronounced a success; and your committee indulge the hope that in this opinion the entire community interested in this public benefaction and filial tribute to an honored and patriotic ancestry, will coincide.

The total cost of the Chime, including the working apparatus and the framework supporting the same, also that upon which the Chime is suspended, together with a spacious room for operating the same, is eight thousand dollars, all of which has been provided for in the donation of Miss Harris.

In closing their report, and while your Committee feel they may safely congratulate this Church and Parish in possessing, through the thoughtful munificence of Miss Harris, the best Chime of bells, according to the opinions of able critics, yet constructed in this country, it is but just to say that to Mr Henry Munroe, of Cambridge, employed by Messrs Hooper during the manufacture of the bells, to gauge the tone, correct the pitch and harmonize the whole, we are indebted principally for its success.

For the Committee.

A. S. MORSS, JAS. F. HUNNEWELL,  
BENJ. F. BROWN.



# **A D D R E S S**

**BY**

**REV. JAMES B. MILES,**



## ADDRESS.

---

Members of the First Church and Society of Charlestown, and friends and fellow citizens :

The occasion of our assembling this evening is unique and singularly interesting. As you have learned from the report just read, a complete chime of sixteen bells from one of the very best bell-foundries in the world, has been placed in the tower of the sanctuary of this ancient church. The music of the bells that just greeted our ears, its notes

"Low and loud and sweetly blended,  
Low at times and loud at times  
And changing like a poet's rhymes,"

proclaims the work a success. Already thrilled and charmed by the voices of the bells themselves you need not a human voice to pronounce them excellent. For sings the gifted poet,

"The bells themselves are the best of preachers  
Their brazen lips are learned teachers,  
From their pulpits of stone, in the upper air  
Sounding aloft without crack or flaw,  
Shriller than trumpets under the law  
Now a sermon and now a prayer."

It has seemed fitting that the successful completion of this work should be marked by exercises of a public character. The chime is an appendage of the House of God. Its main design is to promote the worship and praise of the Most High. From him, as the ultimate source, whatever may be the medium through which we receive it, comes every good and perfect gift. In this gift, fitted to afford us new facilities for enjoying the exquisite delights of music, we recognize the goodness of God inspiring generous purposes and crowning human endeavor. Our observance, this evening, is demanded as an expression of our gratitude to the Infinite Giver of all good. Conscious that to God first of all

and above all is due our praise, we desire by these services, also, to make proper acknowledgement of the munificence of that christian woman, who, a resident of another city and a member of another church, unsolicited, with a free and noble generosity that honors her sex, has bestowed the gift. It is our privilege and honor to be favored with her presence on this interesting occasion. We present her our hearty congratulations. We felicitate her in that she is permitted to witness the consummation of her benevolent intent, and herself to share in the refined and refining enjoyments, which her benevolence has provided for us, and for those who are to come after us.

It has been thought proper for me, as pastor of the church, the recipient of this favor, briefly to address you this evening. It will be possible for me, however, to touch upon only two or three points that are brought prominently to view by this occasion. As I have already intimated the bells themselves are the speakers this evening. We will simply call attention to their messages.

The Apostle Paul, in writing to the Corinthians, uses this noticeable language ; "Even things without life, giving sound, whether pipe or harp, except they give a distinction in the sounds, how shall it be known what is piped or harped." The idea is, the different sounds of musical instruments of all kinds, even of all things without life, have a meaning, an appropriate and distinct significance. Each sound is an expression of thought, or of feeling, or of both. The sounds of this noble chime of bells, floating out upon the air of this ancient city and delighting our senses, are full of significance. We are to interpret them and drink in their meaning.

This chime, for one thing, bids us mark the progress that has been made in the most subtle and abstruse of all subjects in the range of physical science, I mean, the doctrine of sound. A single address does not suffice, even thick volumes are inadequate for a description of all the difficult and patient investigations, of all the refined and delicate experiments, of the persevering study and research requisite for the discovery of those occult laws of harmony, the knowledge and application of which are implied by the construction of a chime of bells. The invention of instruments of music of some kind, dates back to a time almost as early as the creation of man. The simple shepherd's pipe that has at last been developed into the organ, the grandest of all instruments for praise and worship, was probably the first musical instrument made by man. It is worthy of notice, that, while the invention of many modern instruments of music displays the highest degree of skill, and implies an acquaintance with the most intricate scientific principles, man in his rude state, unskilled, ignorant even of the obvious properties and laws of created things, should have learned to make things without life minister to him the concord of sweet sounds. This fact will not, indeed, so much excite our wonder, when we reflect, that man is so organized, furnished with such sensibilities and susceptibilities, so strung and attuned that he is prepared to receive his most exquisite, soul-filling delights from music. In the structure of no organ of the body, not excepting the eye itself, are Infinite wisdom and goodness more strikingly displayed than in that of the organ of audition, the ear. In addition to the orifices, bones, membranes, described by anatomists, "there has recently been discovered," says Prof. Tyndall, that prince among scientists, "in the labyrinth, a wonderful organ, which is to all appearance a musical instrument, with its chords so stretched as to accept vibrations of different periods, and transmit them to the nerve filaments, which traverse the organ. Within the ears of men and without their knowledge or contrivance this lute of three thousand strings has existed for ages, accepting the music of the outer world, and rendering it fit for recep-

tion by the brain. Each musical tremor, which falls upon this organ, selects from its tensioned fibres the one appropriate to its own pitch and throws that fibre into unisonant vibration. Thus no matter how complicated the motions of the air may be, those microscopic strings can analyze it and reveal the constituents of which it is composed." In connection with this most interesting discovery, we are to consider the fact that all created things can be made to discourse sweet music. It is hardly an exaggeration to term every object in creation a musical instrument. Science has taught us how to evoke music not only from metals, gold, silver, brass, iron, steel, but from the driest, least sonorous of all substances, straw, horn, shell, stone and bone; yes, even from the fiery flame. Let this gas flame at my side, be enclosed in a tube and the air made to pass over it, and it will spontaneously burst into song. In its variety, intensity and sweetness, flame-music is truly marvellous. Indeed, my friends, what is the world in which we live, with all its elements, forces and objects, but one magnificent instrument of music, one grand chime of bells forever pealing forth its harmonies and melodies! How majestic the music of "the deep thunder, peal on peal afar;" of the ocean waves breaking along the shore; of cataracts, like Niagara, neither day nor night, summer nor winter, intermitting their sublime anthems; of the winds, the storms, the tempests, the tornadoes, as with rhythmic tread they sweep resounding over lands and seas. Soft and sweet the notes of the summer breezes. In merry strains sing the leaping, laughing brooks. In plaintive tones sound the winds rubbing against the boles and branches of the trees in the pine wood. The cannon ball and the rifle bullet, in their passage through the air, are obedient to the laws of music, and *singing* they rush forth on their deadly errands. Even

"The pine logs on the hearth sometimes

Mimic the chimes

The while on high the white wreath climbs,

Which seething waters upward fling.

In prison wont to dance and sing,

All to the same low tune."

By no means is the sweet singer of Israel

to be charged with impertinent vociferation when he calls upon sun and moon, stars of light, the heaven of heavens, the waters that be above the heavens, fire and hail, snow and vapor, stormy wind, mountains and all hills, fruitful trees and all cedars, to utter praise. They all have the power to sing. These luminous orbs, looking down upon us from their holy heaven tonight, are—

“Forever singing as they shine,  
The hand that made us is divine.”

Says a distinguished writer: “I have heard some fine music, as men are wont to speak, the play of orchestras, the anthems of choirs, the voices of song that moved admiring nations; but in the lofty passes of the Alps I heard a music overhead, from God’s cloudy orchestra, the giant peaks of rock and ice, curtained in by the driving mist and only dimly visible athwart the sky through its folds, such as mocks all sounds our lower worlds of art can ever hope to raise. I stood (excuse the simplicity) calling to them in the loudest shouts I could raise, even till my power was spent, and listening in compulsory trance to their reply. I heard them roll it up through their cloudy worlds of snow, sifting out the harsh qualities that were tearing in it as demon screams of sin, holding on upon it as if it were a hymn they were fanning to the ear of the great Creator, and sending it round and round in long reduplications of sweetness, minute after minute, till finally receding and rising, it trembled as it were among the quick gratulations of the angels, and fell into the silence of the pure empyrean.” This was not imagination. This was not sentimentalism. It has been proved, with the certainty of mathematical demonstration, that music exists in all created things. Hence, easily and naturally commenced the invention of musical instruments; and, it has come to pass, that the variety of these instruments in form, size and material, is almost endless. The exact time when bells began to be used has not been ascertained. We find references to them in very ancient records. The first mention of them in the sacred Scriptures is in the twenty-eighth chapter of the book of Exodus, in the directions for making the tunic or robe of

Aaron, the high priest. This robe was to be adorned with pomegranates and golden bells, arranged alternately and at equal distances. “A golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate, upon the hem of the robe round about.” To this circumstance, no doubt, is to be traced the tinkling of a bell at the elevation of the host in the Roman Catholic sacrament of the mass. From allusions in the history and poetry of ancient Greece and Rome, we learn, the custom existed among those nations of hanging bells upon the necks of men, birds, oxen, horses and sheep. It has been supposed that the idea of the bell was originally suggested by observing that vessels necessary to the service of life, such as kettles used for cooking, when struck, gave forth a musical sound. To what nation belongs the honor of inventing the bell, we know not. We are naturally disposed to look for the account of their origin to the records of the ancient Egyptians, to whom we trace such a multitude of inventions. But neither in their records, their hieroglyphics, their sculptures or monuments, have been found the slightest evidences that the bell was known to them. The use of bells by the Romans to signify the times for bathing, naturally suggested to the early Christians the idea of employing them to denote the hours of worship and to summon the people to church. Hence the origin of church bells. Their first application for this purpose is ascribed by the best authorities to Paulinus, a bishop of the Italian city Nola, about the year of our Lord 400. Bells upon churches were used in Britain as early as the sixth century, or from the first erection of parish churches. So that there is peculiar propriety in the poet’s lines:

“Ring out merrily,  
Loudly, cheerily,  
Blithe old bells from the steeple tower.

Knell out drearily,  
Measured and wearily,  
Sad old bells from the steeple gray.

Toll at the hour of prime,  
Matin and vesper chime,  
Loved old bells from the steeple high.

Peal out evermore,  
Peal as ye pealed of yore.  
Brave old bells, on each Sabbath day.”

I may here remark, our old church bell was brought to this place from England, in the year 1783. It was a gift from friends in London, procured by the agency of Hon. Nathaniel Gorham, from a mercantile house bearing the title of "Champion. Dickenson and Burges." Whether this firm should receive the credit for the gift, or they were merely the parties by whom it was forwarded, does not appear. A single bell though it is, yet it has proved its capacity for changes in ringing. Three times during its history of eighty-five years, it has been broken and re-cast. On one occasion, the bell was removed from the tower of the meeting-house by the town authorities, but about four years after, in the year 1849, was purchased by our respected parishioner, James Hunnewell, Esq., and the use given to the parish. Nearly a year since, it was broken, and it has recently been re-cast and hung in the tower for ringing, not, however, in connection with the Chime.

The first instances of the use of several bells upon the same sanctuary occurred within a period of between two and three hundred years after the first application of the bell to church purposes. An abbot of Croyland, England, by the name of Turketulus, who died in the year of our Lord 879, gave to the church of his abbey a great bell, which he named Guthlac, and afterwards he gave six others. The ancient chronicler says they were all rung together, and adds, "*Non erat tunc tanta consonantia campanarum in tota Anglia.*"—There was not then so great a harmony of bells in the whole of England. Thus originated peals and chimes of bells; bells so constructed and arranged that tunes could be played upon them. At their first introduction, we may well believe, they but imperfectly subserved their high and delightful purpose. But in the progress of science, as the properties of metals, and the great subject of acoustics, the laws and principles of sound, the divine art of music, have come to be more thoroughly understood, there has been a constant approximation toward perfection in the construction of chimes, until now, upon the best chimes, like that whose opening we celebrate this evening, may be played a great

variety of tunes. At all to appreciate the science and skill expressed by a perfect chime of bells, we must remember each bell is in itself a complete musical instrument. Each bell gives out not simply one tone, but several tones,—the fundamental tone and six or seven distinct overtones, and the whole number of bells must be brought into tune, not merely in respect to their fundamental tones, but all their overtones. In other words, the bells must perfectly sympathize with each other. Of all the experiments in the domain of harmonics, I know of none more fascinating than those which illustrate sympathetic vibrations of different bodies. As there are in different souls chords that vibrate in sympathy with each other, so are there in material objects. Take, for example, two tuning forks that sound the same note, mount them upon resonant supports upon this desk, eighteen inches apart. Let the bow be drawn across one of them and the other remain untouched. Then clasp the agitated fork so as to stop its sound, and from the untouched fork you will hear the note. Place two clocks, with pendulums of the same period of vibration, against the same wall. Let the pendulum of one of the clocks be put in motion, and the other not. The ticks of the moving clock, transmitted through the wall, will start the pendulum of the other. Sound any one bell of this Chime, and every other bell that has in it the same note will respond. Let yonder organ be arranged in resonant connection with the Chime in the tower, and the organ sound forth particular notes, the lifeless, untouched, silent bells, will of themselves break the silence in tones responsive to the organ. Wonderful, almost startling, is this mutual sympathy of inanimate objects. Truly,—

"In harmony, in heavenly harmony the universe began;

From harmony to harmony through all the compass of the notes it ran,

The diapason ending full in man."

It is a fact not void of interest to us that our ancestors, the Anglo-Saxons, introduced the practice of chiming, ringing bells in changes, and regular peals and tunes. Thus this Chime of bells, one of

comparatively few in America; the first, if we mistake not, placed upon a sanctuary of our denomination in the land, is a most appropriate appendage of this ancient church, whose foundations were laid by Anglo-Saxons. Dedicated to the sweet and holy offices of harmony and concord, shall it not, in addition to bringing our own hearts into more perfect sympathy and accord with each other, and with the Infinite heart of love, also strengthen the ties that bind us to the Motherland. What if the chimes, in their origin and associations, are peculiarly English? With a hearty good will let us sing,—

“The chimes, the chimes of Motherland,  
Of England green and old,  
That out from lane and ivied tower  
A thousand years have tolled;  
How glorious must their music be  
As breaks the hallowed day,  
And calleth with a seraph's voice,  
A nation up to pray.

Those chimes that tell a thousand tales,  
Sweet tales of olden time;  
And ring a thousand memories  
At vesper and at prime!  
At bridal and at burial,  
For cottager and king,  
Those chimes—those glorious Christian  
chimes,  
How blessedly they ring!

The chimes—those chimes of Motherland,  
Upon a Christmas morn,  
Outbreaking as the angels did,  
For a Redeemer born!  
How merrily they call afar,  
To cot and baron's hall,  
With holly decked, and mistletoe,  
To keep the festival!

And then, those Easter bells, in Spring,  
Those glorious Easter chimes!  
How loyally they hail thee round,  
Old Queen of holy times!  
From hill to hill, like sentinels,  
Responsively they cry,  
And sing the rising of the Lord,  
From vale to mountain high.

I love ye—chimes of Motherland,  
With all this soul of mine,  
And bless the Lord that I am sprung  
Of good old English line;  
And like a son I sing the lay  
That England's glory tells;  
For she is lovely to the Lord,  
For you, ye Christian bells;

And heir of her ancestral fame,  
Though far away my birth,  
Thee, too, I love, my Forest-land,  
The joy of all the earth;  
For thine thy mother's voice shall be,  
And here, where God is King,  
With English chimes, from Christian spires,  
The wilderness shall ring.”

But the accordant notes of these bells celebrate not merely the achievements of genius, the triumphs of science and mechanical skill. In their delicious music,

“Falling at intervals on the ear  
In cadence sweet, now dying all away.  
Now pealing loud again and louder still,”

we distinguish the expression of sentiments and emotions such as, most of all, ennoble and adorn humanity. In these harmonies sing the pure and generous impulses of WOMAN'S heart. The largest of the bells bears on one side the following inscription: “This Chime of sixteen bells was the gift of Miss Charlotte Harris to the First Parish Church of Charlestown, Mass., of which her ancestors, Harris and Devens, were members.”

This day is the anniversary of the birth of the mother of our esteemed benefactress—a fact that imparts a sacred and touching interest to this occasion. Of that mother, who many years since ascended to her place among the white-robed throng, I have the best authority for saying she was a woman of rare excellence and loveliness of character; one who, with a sweet and charming grace, discharged the duties incident to the various relations she sustained, and, in her disposition, traits and qualities, to a remarkable degree, was conformed to the divine ideal of woman, the model of a mother.

Now music is the language of the heart. What, like its majestic notes rolling forth full and complete like thunder, elevate, awe and thrill us? What, like its tones of delicious sweetness, glide into and ravish our inmost souls?

Music's enchanting tones are the only adequate medium through which the heart can express its most sacred and beautiful emotions. This Chime, whose sweet benefactions, like angels songs, floating out from this tower, will, as we trust, in successive generations, delight the senses of multitudes, we must all feel has a singular

appropriateness as the gift of a woman. It comes, indeed, with a charming grace from woman, whose distinctive characteristic, whose crowning glory is affection, is the *heart*. How admirably, through these musical tones, the charity, the love, all the divine impulses of woman's heart find expression! And then, the sentiments especially denoted by this benefaction—the filial sentiments, tender and holy regard for the memory of a cherished and sainted mother, and an honored ancestry—these are among the brightest, loveliest ornaments of human nature. Thus this act of our generous friend associates not alone her own name, but also the names of her ancestors with the rich and lasting enjoyments this Chime is to afford. In future years, as often as these bells, in clear and sweet accord, shall peal forth their hymns of praise, they shall tell in melodious, delightful speech of that which this WOMAN hath done for a memorial both of herself and of those whose memory she justly cherishes and revere.

And here, I cannot forbear a direct, though necessarily brief, allusion to Richard Devens, Esq., commonly spoken of among us as Commissary Devens, the grandfather on the mother's side of the donor of this Chime. He died in the year 1807, at the age of 86 years, a man full of years and full of honors. Fresh and fragrant is his memory still. Of all the eminent men, born and reared in this historic town, perhaps there is no one whose example and virtues are more deserving of grateful remembrance by the members of this Church and the citizens of this place, than his. He was one of God's own noblemen, as is attested by his portrait which here confronts you. Mark the benignity, the largeness of heart, the blending of qualities that compel admiration, delineated in that countenance. In his childhood and youth he was left, in a peculiar manner, to the care of Providence, and His blessing upon his unaided exertions. In his last will he writes, "I had to struggle with great and unspeakable troubles." But he found God a very present help in his troubles. By His aid he rose first to a state of competency, and then to a state of affluence. From a brief notice of him published soon

after his death, and written, I judge, by Dr Morse, then Pastor of this Church, we learn that his fellow townsmen confided to him all the offices of honor in their power to bestow; that he was "a member of the General Court at that critical and anxious period of public affairs in 1774, when they resolved themselves into a provincial Congress; was an active member of that confidential body of men, the Committee of Safety; and afterwards was appointed Commissary General of the State of Massachusetts, in the year 1775, and was annually re-chosen to that responsible office so long as it was continued." A striking testimony, surely, in favor of the integrity and ability of the man. "As a husband, parent and friend, he was affectionate and kind; as a counsellor in difficulties, wise and faithful; as a patriot, ardent, intrepid and active; as a public officer, upright and useful, as a Christian and father to the poor, eminent and distinguished. Mr Devens was a pillar in this church, of which he was a member; a cheerful and liberal supporter of the gospel ministry." The type of his piety is indicated by words which I extract from his last will: "I rest my hope of justification and resurrection to eternal life wholly on the mercy of God, through the merits and intercession of a glorious Savior, Jesus Christ."

Remarkably free from ostentation, he was yet a most generous friend of the poor and he liberally contributed to various religious enterprises. It is written of him, "like Job he delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. He was eyes to the blind and feet to the lame. He was a father to the poor." Seven years before the first tract society was instituted in the United States, a private press in Boston commenced to issue tracts. And the conductors of that press have left this record. "Richard Devens Esq., of Charlestown, had no equal in America in this benevolence. For him we printed more than one hundred thousand tracts for *gratuitous* distribution."

That Mr Devens' patriotism was of the purest and loftiest character may be in-

ferred from a memorial of himself penned by his own hand and preserved as a precious memento in our city library, a few sentences of which I quote. "In seventeen-seventy-five when British tyranny joined with American toryism threatened the total extinction of the liberty and rights of man in this country, I took off my leather apron, and laid aside my speckled shirt, and quitted a very prosperous scene of business, in which I had acquired to the amount of thirteen or fourteen thousand dollars in real and personal property, and was at this time in a very promising way of business. I had, also, to turn my back on a sickly consort, a young, numerous and promising family, and enter the lists among a number of undaunted heroes, who were determined to sacrifice all and perish in the general catastrophe of their country, or be FREE. It was not longer than till June 17th, seventeen hundred and seventy-five, I experienced the fury of the enemy in the flames of Charlestown." Blest with such examples of patriotism, is it any marvel, my friends, that in the recent peril of our beloved country, the sons of Charlestown, were among the first to spring to the rescue, and upon the battle-field, were among the bravest, in the defence of the liberties and rights the Fathers of the Revolution purchased for us. We all felt, I am sure, that with eminent propriety, those in whose veins flowed the blood of this distinguished patriot ranged themselves among the most ardent of the supporters of the Government, and, that, in the struggle for *maintaining*, as in that for *achieving* our Independence there was a General Devens, who entered the list among a number of undaunted heroes, who were determined to sacrifice all and perish in the general catastrophe of their country, or to be *free*.

In closing his brief tribute to Commissary Devens, Dr Morse writes; "God gave him the means to do good, and with the means a heart to employ them in his service, for the benefit of his fellow men. His active benevolence continued to the day of his death. But he ceases not to be useful now that he is in his grave. A liberal portion of the means he employed in doing good while he lived is left in his will to operate in the same way now that he is

gone." He bequeathed a large sum to the use of the poor of this town; and gave a handsome sum to four religious societies for the propagation of the Gospel. Thus we see, that, although he was warmly attached to his own denomination, he was free from bigotry and sectarianism. He was not a religionist. He was a Christian. Dr Morse was wiser than he knew when wrote, "he ceases not to be useful now that he is in his grave." Through his legacies of money, indeed, he continues to bless this city, and the world. But in a more significant sense does he continue to be useful now that he is in his grave, through his descendants, who, like her whose generosity especially awakens our gratitude this evening, have inherited not merely his noble blood, but his royal spirit of charity and beneficence.

Already, my friends, I have detained you too long. As I close, my thoughts glance from the present to the future. This chime of bells, that we dedicate this evening, is, we trust, to be preserved an enduring benediction. When we, in rapid succession, shall have passed from these earthly scenes,

"Its tuneful peals will still ring on."

From this hill upon which the people of God for nearly two centuries and a half have gathered for His worship, a spot how rich in christian, patriotic and heroic associations, from this holy hill of Zion, the music of these bells will continue to float out upon "the palpitating bosom of the air," awakening noble thoughts, enkindling pure emotions, inspiring lofty aspirations, soothing sorrow in the breasts of those who in turn are to occupy our places. With gratitude and joy we set apart this chime to the noblest, most charming and sacred of uses,

"How much of human life these sounds comprise,  
Birth, wedded love, God's service, and the tomb."

Revolving in mind the various occasions these bells will subserve, we can but address them in the beautiful words of the poet

"From the square tower,  
Heavy and slow,  
Toll the sad funeral  
Echoes of woe."

Sadly and solemnly roll forth the knell,  
First for the loved ones a requiem swell.

Ring from the tower,  
Merrily, clear,  
Over the bride,  
Whose vows are made here.  
Cheerfully, hopefully, wedded in heart,  
What God joins together no creature shall  
part.

Ring from the belfry,  
Gently a peal  
What time hath in keeping  
Of woe or of weal—  
For the infant unconsciously brought to acquire  
In waters baptismal the spirit of fire.

Ring out over hill-side,  
Chime out over sea,  
The gospel's glad sound,  
To the bond and the free ;  
Bid the deaf and the blind and the lame to  
the feast,  
And tell to the nations the tidings of peace."

On each returning Sabbath, let these  
Christian bells send out their joyful sound  
of invitation. Like a voice from the skies  
let them proclaim, "good tidings of great  
joy to all people." Let them welcome all,  
high and low, rich and poor, young and  
old, to the blessed feast of the gospel.  
Sweetly let them sound in the ears of sin-  
stricken and sorrow-burdened men, "come  
unto me all ye that labor and are heavy  
laden and I will give you rest." And  
when touched by death, our ears shall have  
been rendered deaf to all earthly sounds,  
in that upper City whose walls are salva-  
tion and whose gates are praise, forever  
may our souls be thrilled and ravished  
with harmonies and chimes of which all  
earthly music is but a poor emblem, the  
ecstatic harmonies, the soul-filling melo-  
dies, those truly glorious and blessed  
chimes, the chimes of Heaven.

**OCCASIONAL POEMS.**

## OCCASIONAL POEMS.

### IN MEMORIAM.

Richard Devens, Esq., Commissary General, Revolutionary Army—Member "Committee of Safety," &c., &c.  
Died, Charlestown, Mass., 1807. Aged 86 years.

Stand on the brow of yonder hill and view the prospect round;  
Tread lightly, for the sod you press is blood-bought, hallowed ground.  
Nature and art in harmony their varied beauty blend,  
While peace and plenty all their charms to the fair landscape lend.

This shaft, now tinged with morning light, now red with evening glow,  
Tells that this scene of loveliness was shrouded once with woe.  
But for the clash of armed hosts—the carnage and the bier—  
The crackling roof—the shattered hearth—this column were not here.

Beneath the shadow of this hill in former days there dwelt  
One who had long with patriot grief the land's oppression felt.  
And when the deadly conflict came, that made a nation free,  
It found no firmer, braver heart—no stauncher friend than he.

Time rolled away—its balmy breath had closed the wounds of war,  
And Heaven its choicest gifts had laid unstinted at his door.  
The gliding years went gently by, and calm their moments sped,  
Till more than fourscore winters left their snows upon his head.

One earnest, living principle through all his being ran;  
He first with fervor served his God, and then his fellow-man.  
For Him who died that he might live he counted all things loss;  
The faith that lit his face serene was kindled at the Cross.

In council wise—in action prompt—in daily walk upright,  
His open hand and loving heart made many a pathway bright;  
And when at length, a sheaf full ripe, they bore him to his rest,  
The widow and the fatherless rose up and called him blest.

Yet lived he still—the garnered wealth kind Providence bestowed,  
In streams of Christian charity, by his direction, flowed.  
What wavering trust to fortify—what stricken breast to heal,  
We may not know till Heaven's own light shall all things hid reveal.

A daughter of his house who well in early childhood knew  
The magic of a life so just, so gracious, and so true,  
Hath cast these bells, and on the spot where oft he came to pray,  
IN MEMORIAM of that life, doth consecrate today.

He heeds them not—their brazen tongues to living ears alone  
Recall a faith in vision lost—a saint-like spirit gone.  
Beyond the need of kindred love, beyond the chime of bell,  
Beyond the reach of change and time—IN CHRIST HE SLEEPETH WELL.

April 15th, 1868.

C. H.

## IN MEMORIAM.

Mrs Mary Harris, daughter of Richard Devens,  
Esq., and wife of the late Jonathan  
Harris of Boston.

A daughter worthy of her sire? What would you  
more?

The eye that saw her blessed her. Well she filled  
the part

By Providence assigned; and none of human kind  
Were alien to her heart.

The instinct of her soul was love. Loyal to that,  
With deeds of charity the live-long day was fraught.  
Want found in her: relief, and wretchedness a  
friend:

For thus her Master taught.

Her faith was fervent, steadfast and serene. To all  
She told her trust—nor told with humbled, “bated  
breath,”

She knew on whom she leant—in every trial felt  
The arms of God beneath.

And many called her mother, and grew up in  
promise

And in hope. All, all, save one, hath death’s re-  
lentless tide

Alas! engulfed. And now, waiting that trumpet  
sound,

They slumber side by side.

Save one, whose calm, forecasting thought the  
present links

To the dead past, and on this day, with reverent  
hand

Awakes these tuneful bells, lest memory of such  
worth

Should perish from the land.

Their grateful peals shall long make resonant the  
air,

And echoes stir in souls that buried loves enshrine;  
But ne’er will chime funereal from that past recall

A nobler life than thine.

Thou loved and sainted one, all hail! Thy virtues  
need

No blazon of *our* praise—in Paradise they bloom:  
Yet one, the latest of thy race, this tribute brings

And casts upon thy tomb.

April 15th, 1868.

C. H.

## ORIGINAL HYMN.

Chime for the days of yore,  
When our fathers cross’d the sea;  
Chime for that rock-bound shore  
Which the pilgrim long’d to see.

Chime for the hallow’d dead,  
Where’er their graves are found;  
Chime for the soil we tread,  
Chime for this sacred ground.

Chime for the generous heart,  
Where faith and works have met;  
Where mem’ry plays so fond a part,  
And the lov’d,—remember’d yet.

Chime for that day of rest,  
Sweetest of all the seven;  
Chime for that hour so blest,  
When prayer ascends to Heaven.

For a nation’s birth-day, chime,  
That where her Flag doth wave,—  
On northern shore, or southern clime,  
There’s not one toiling slave.

Chime, when on other ears  
Shall fall the gospel sound;  
When other forms, ’mid rolling years,  
Shall tread this hallow’d ground.

April 15th, ’68.

M. D. B.



## HYMN,

At the Consecration of the Chime of Bells, in  
First Congregational Church, Rev Mr Miles,  
Charlestown, April 15, 1868.

Oh Thou into whose willing ear  
Are songs of seraphs poured,  
Thou ! who by myriad angel hosts  
Art evermore adored,

Lift upon *us* Thy countenance  
And sanctify this place,  
And let each soul partaker be  
Of Thine exhaustless grace.

Here, in a temple made with hands,  
In years long passed away,  
In humble faith our fathers knelt,  
And here *we* kneel today.

Man, at his purest, best estate,  
How poor an offering brings !  
His homage vain no lustre lends  
To Thee, the King of kings.

Yet hath he ONE whose pleading voice  
Thou hearest with delight :  
*Look on His face*—and let this gift  
Be grateful in *Thy* sight.

These Bells by human ear attuned,  
By human genius wrought,  
We consecrate to *Him* who gave  
Both melody and thought.

Their matin peal at dewy morn  
Shall Thy free grace proclaim,  
And eventide with music praise  
The glories of Thy name.

We would that every mellowed tone  
That floats o'er land and sea,  
Might tell of *Him* by whom we come  
Acceptably to Thee.

We would that all of every creed  
Whose ears these chimes shall greet,  
Cleansed by His blood, might cast their  
Rejoicing, at Thy feet. [crowns,

And to *that* name that yet shall reign  
Supreme in earth and heaven,  
The fount of hope—the end of faith,  
Be ceaseless honor given.

C. H.

## CHIMING BELLS.

First Parish Church, Charlestown, Rev. Mr.  
Miles, presented by Miss Charlotte Harris,  
Boston. Consecrated, April 15, 1868.

Music upon the evening air !  
A sound unwonted here ;  
The chime of bells ! how grand it swells,  
Upon the charm-ed ear.

O, Chiming Bells ! oh, stranger voice !  
We hail thee with delight ;  
With us abide while seasons glide,  
Successive in their flight.

Oh, Chiming Bells ! one grateful peal  
Waft through the starry hours,  
To her whose thought hath kindly wrought  
And made your music ours.

Some chords our whole of being stir :  
The human ; the divine ;  
Lift up the heart, fresh strength impart :  
And such, oh Bells, are thine !

The soul that finds its guerdon here,  
The faith that looks beyond,  
All joys, all woes, the spirit knows,  
To melody respond.

Then, Chiming Bells ! to all the land  
Send forth this carol, greeting :  
That sin is strong and life not long,  
And man's probation fleeting.

And when a deed of right and love  
Illumines human pages,  
Oh, Bells ! proclaim its honest fame  
Triumphant through the ages.

Oh, Chiming Bells ! oh, Chiming Bells !  
Ring—ceaseless changes ring—  
With tongue of flame exalt *one* name,  
Our Prophet, Priest and King.

This shrine must fall—your chimes be mute,  
Time's hand earth's ties must sever ;  
But he whose might ye laud to night,  
Must live and reign forever !

C. H.

## OUR CHIME OF BELLS.

Sung at the Annual Festival of the First Parish Sabbath School.

How sweet the music of the Bells,  
We'll hear each Sabbath day ;  
They'll bid our Pastor rise and tell  
Of Christ the living way.

They'll gently draw us to the place,  
Where God in mercy stays ;  
Urge us to seek our Father's face,  
And walk in Wisdom's ways.

They'll ring at noon to call the youth,  
To haste to Sunday School,  
Where we are early taught the truth,  
And mind the golden rule.

They'll ring for those who start anew  
And take the bridal ring,  
The faithful heart that's brave and true,  
Shall with new courage sing.

They'll ring with joy on Christmas morn,  
Of Hope, good will to tell ;  
There's peace on earth, a Savior's born,  
And on His love we'll dwell.

And when the year has passed away,  
They'll bring this truth to mind :  
On earth we shall not always stay,  
Or here true pleasure find.

They'll ring for loved ones when they're  
When hearts are dark and sad [gone,  
They'll usher in the festive morn  
When every heart is glad.

Our Father's blessing on her rest,  
The donor of the gift ;  
God grant her peace and happiness,  
And all her burden's lift.

For Zion did our father's pray,  
In saith they sowed the seed ;  
And God who was their rock and stay,  
Has well supplied her need.

Through toil and danger they have passed,  
And now they view afar,  
The light that brought sweet peace at last,  
Through Christ our morning star.

Sweet is the memory of their name,  
Now they have passed away ;  
Their holy words are still the same,  
Trust God and always pray.

If Zion here we truly love,  
We'll take the stranger in ;  
And help him gain that crown above,  
That's sure when saved from sin.

Love brings the wanderer to His home,  
Let Love our motto be,  
Till all are saved no more to roam,  
And Christ our Shepherd see.

S. E. P.

Charlestown, Feb. 22, 1868.



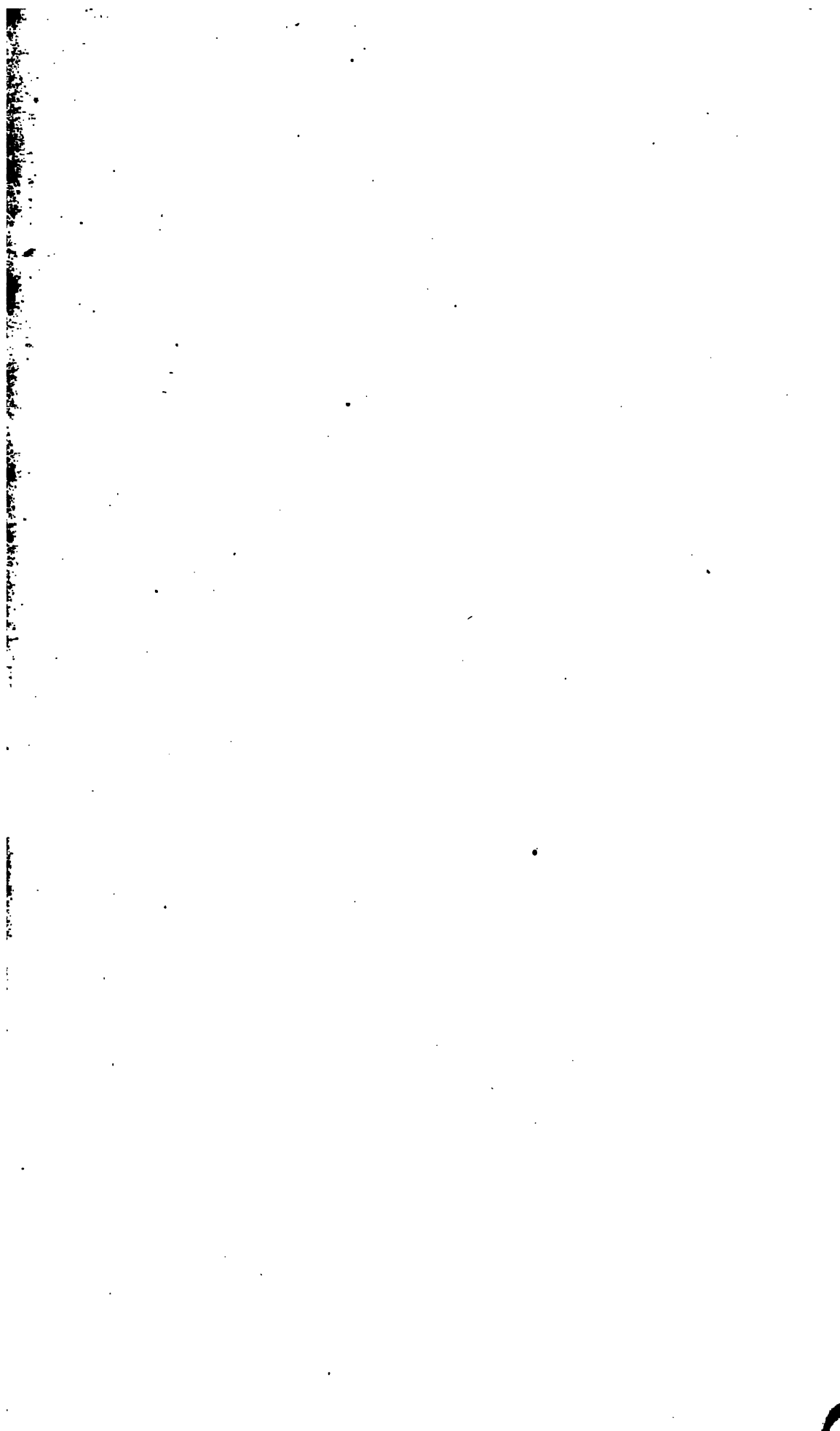














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